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The Crafty Lover: Or, the Lawyer Out-witted.

OF a Rich Counſellor I write,
who had an only Daughter,
Who was of Youthful Beauty bright,
now mark what follows after;
Her Uncle left her I declare,
a ſumptuous large poſſeſſion,
Her Father he was to take care,
was to take care
of her at his diſcretion.

She had ten thouſand pound a Year,
in Gold and ſilver Ready,
And courted was by many a Peer,
Yet none could gain this Lady;
At length a 'ſquire's Youngeſt ſon,
in private came a wooing,
And when he had her favour won,
her favour won,
he fear'd his utter ruin.

The Youthful Lady ſtraitway cryed,
i muſt confeſs I love thee.
Tho' Lords and Knights I have deny'd,
yet none I prize above thee;
Thou art a Jewel in my Eye.
but here ſaid ſhe the care is,
I fear You will be dom'd to die,
be doom'd to die,
For ſtealing of an Heireſs.

The Young Man he replied to her,
like a true Politician;
Thy Father is a Counſellor
i'll tell him my Condition,
Ten Guineas Love ſha'll be his Fee,
he'll think it is ſome ſtranger,
Thus for the Gold he'll counſel me,
he'll counſel me
and keep me ſafe from danger.

Unto her Father he did go
the very next day after,
But did not the Lawyer know,
the Lady was his Daughter;
But when the Lawyer ſaw the Gold;
that he ſhould be the gainer,
A pleaſant trick to him he told,
to him he told,
with ſafety to obtain her.

Let her provide a Horſe he cryed,
and take you up behind her,
Thus with You to ſome Parſon ride
before her Parents find her;
Then ſhe ſteals You, You may complain,
and ſo avoid their Fury;
Now this is law I will maintain,
i will maintain,
before either Judge or Jury.

Now take my Writing and my Seal
which I cannot deny thee,
And if You any trouble feel
in Court I will ſtand by thee:
I give You thanks the young Man cried,
by You I am befriended,
And to your Houſe I'll bring my bride,
i'll bring my bride,
after the Work is ended.

Next Morning by the break of Day,
this News to her he carryed,
He did her Father's Council take,
and they were fairly married;
When they all Night had took their eaſe,
in Joys beyond expreſſing,
Then home return'd where on their Knees,
where on their Knees,
they ask'd their Father's bleſſing.

Now when he had beheld them both,
he ſeem'd like one diſtracted,
And vowed to be reveng'd in Wrath,
for what they then had acted,
With that beſpoke his new made Son,
there can be no inditing,
That this is Law which we have done,
which we have done,
here is Your own hand Writing.

The Counſellor did then reply,
was ever Man ſo fitted;
My Hand and Seal I can't deny;
By You I am outwitted;
Ten thouſand Pound a Year in ſtore,
ſhe has left by my Brother;
And when I die there will be more,
there will be more,
for Child I have no other.

She might have had a Lord or Knight,
from Royal Loins deſcended;
But ſince thou art her Heart's delight,
I will not be offended:
If I the Gordian Knot ſhould break,
'twere cruel out of Meaſure;
Enjoy thy Love with all my Heart,
With all my Heart,
In Plenty, Peace and Pleaſure.

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